

Consequences: Too Late

by Chang-chang83

Category: One Piece

Genre: Angst, Drama

Language: English

Characters: Ace, OC, Sabo

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-16 01:10:19

Updated: 2016-04-16 01:10:19

Packaged: 2016-04-27 16:18:33

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 7,962

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: AU fic. Ace doesn't know the power of words that affects the reader. Until it is too late. (Mature themes/audience. No lemons) One shot

Consequences: Too Late

I just wanted to try my hand at this type of fanfiction, I've been reading and re-reading Ace x Reader fics and wanted to see some more of character x chubby reader fics. Yeah I wanted to dabble around. I really hope this does NOT offend anyone. By all means this fiction has mature and serious themes in it.

* * *

Summary: Reader is chubby, depressed (talks about self-harm). Ace is popular and has been the reader's friend since childhood, and Ace has a problem of just speaking too bluntly and doesn't think about the repercussions of what he says.

* * *

You were a cute chubby baby and toddler, everyone adored you, telling you how you were going to grow to be a beautiful child. A strong girl who would be everything wonderful.

As you grew older you were still beautiful, but another kind of beautiful. One that wasn't appreciated by this society. Your parents had more children, loving you all equally and you loved your siblings. However since they waited until you were about to head off to high school so the age gap between you and your siblings was quite a big difference, so you acted like an older sister and a mother. Which you didn't mind because your siblings were very cute and was one of the few sources of happiness in your life. To them you were their Onee-san, their saviour, their hero, their role model, and it

made you happy because they were so filled with love and joy when they ran up to you and crowded around you it made you smile and want to spoil them crazy.

However this wasn't enough to keep you from hating yourself, harming yourself, wishing you were someone else, it didn't matter who else, just as long as you weren't yourself. However it was debateable whether or not the happiness of your younger siblings would be able to cure this this stigmatism, this self-depreciation of yourself, because it was instilled at such a young age, thus it was internalised, and integrated. It was as if you were told black was white and white was black the majority of your life and anyone who told you otherwise would have a very hard time make you agree with them.

As you grew out of your toddler stage and going through elementary school, your parents realised you grew larger than the average child of your age. You were taller, bigger and wider, than all the other kids. Especially the boys, you didn't see much difference because why would you? You didn't think you were that much different from the next kid. However everyone and your parents made it very clear that you were obviously different. It started off gently in elementary school, and at home. Your parents, well mostly your mother began to worry because she didn't want you to be picked on, or have any health issues later on in your life. So she began to put you on lots of sports activities and limit your food intake, you didn't know any better. You liked being active, doing all these sports activities were fun, you met lots of new people, since you didn't have any siblings (yet). However it didn't seem to work, because your mother didn't see the results she wanted, however you were happy and you were a good kid so she decided she should try when you were older.

Although your mother decided to stop her "passive" attack on you, she decided that a gentle verbal encouragement would help you.

"Honey you've already had enough. Aren't you full?"

"Sweetie you've eaten enough, you should stop now."

It didn't stop with your mother, your childhood friend Ace was one of the kids who was blunt, calling them how he saw it. You played with his other brothers, since you were such a tomboy, that didn't mind playing pirate games, and other stuff, it was a breeze. You noticed that Sabo was a lot more mature for his age, and you always got along with him, he was always nice to talk to. Ace on the other hand liked to interrupt, be brash and abrupt laugh at your faults very easily. Arguing with him was a common occurrence and unfortunately this was also a common occurrence.

"Why are you so much bigger than most of kids in our class?"

"I don't know. I didn't know I was bigger than most of the kids anyways."

"Really? Are you blind as well as fat? You're way bigger than most of the kids here."

"I'm not fat!"

"Hahha, and I don't have black hair."

"SHUT UP ACE. I'M NOT FAT."

"DON'T TELL ME TO SHUT UP BECAUSE YOU CAN'T SEE THAT YOU'RE BIGGER THAN MOST OF THE KIDS HERE."

"Ace, (y/n) calm down. Let's be nice to each other."

"Sabo stop sticking up for her, just because she shares her food with you."

"Ace, come on can't you tell you're being hurtful?"

"Sabo I'm going, I don't want to start a fight between you and your brother."

Okay so calling Ace your 'friend' was a little farfetched, however you guys did know each other since you were children, so you knew each other well enough. As you guys progressed to middle school, you were still bigger than the other kids, and your mother couldn't do anything to stop your growing body, and you still continued doing your sports. However something else grew, apparently the transition from elementary school to middle school made classmates who were always friendly to each other to hateful human beings.

It wasn't just Ace, it was the other boys, and some other girls.

It started off with you mainly playing sports with the other boys instead of staying in the classroom like the other girls. The other girls started to pick up that you were the only girl to play with the boys, and so they watched you play with them. They were jealous that you got along with the other boys so well. You talked to them with so much confidence, and they talked to you like a friend. Then the rumours came and spread. You began to notice the boys were treating you different, looking at you different. They used to look you as a friend, someone to play soccer, baseball with, but now they began to slowly edge you out. They said they didn't need as many people, and that you were an extra. They always had just enough, it got to the point where you got annoyed and demanded the truth. They found it funny and snickered, and among the snickering few was of course Ace.

"Look we don't need Godzilla to play with us."

"What?" You were so confused, what could have happened that could have possibly made them act like this?

"Look you need to spend a little more time learning how to lose weight than playing with us" Ace snickered, not understanding how body science worked.

"Playing sports, and doing exercise helps lose weight, which is what I do. So I don't know why you're talking to me like this?" You felt the threat of tears, as you were being confronted. You were so confused as to why any of this was happening.

"Yeah, but obviously it's not helping you."

"I don't understand. Did I say something horrible to you? Did I hurt

your feelings?"

"Look tubby, we're saying you don't need to play with us anymore, we're trying to help you to help you lose weight." Ace stated, grinning. You felt the slow waves of shame go through your entire body, as you walked away.

You were upset and confused. As you sat at your desk, you felt lonely looking at your arms, your hands wondering what about you was so repulsive. You looked at the gaggle of girls on the other side of the room, you glanced at them and they gave you condescending glares, and then one of them whispered something and they continued to whisper and chatter again, but you felt even more shame as they stared at you.

That day was strange, you remembered walking home, kicking the stones, pondering.

What is wrong with me?

Why does no one like me?

You opened your door, taking off your shoes, mumbling to your parents that you were home and went into your room. Your mother was pregnant at the time, and so was busy which worked out for you. You remembered when your mother would also comment on your looks as well, saying something along the same sort of things. You sighed, you thought it was annoying when your mother tried to curb your eating habits. Eating made you happy, and from what you already knew mothers were supposed to make their children happy, but she was stopping you. It also annoyed you when she tried to sound friendly but said something that was sort of mean and hurt your feelings. However since your mother had gotten pregnant she had stopped running her 'campaign' and didn't have quite enough energy to say anything to you. Maybe the boys and the girls would be like your mother they would "get pregnant" and would stop having enough energy to verbally assault you. You decided on this notion and started your work.

As time progressed your mother gave birth, and then it seemed like overnight she had gotten pregnant again and somehow gained super strength, and had gotten back on track with verbally persuading you to eat less. And following that, the kids in your class had gotten so far as icing you out, literally pushing you out, you were the furthest desk possible, at the back, in the corner far from any other classmate.

Unfortunately it was the worst case scenario, although Ace didn't pick on you all the time. Actually no every time he noticed you were there he would cheerfully call out your dreaded epithet.

"Oi tubby, do you have spare money? I mean you won't need that extra packet of crisps."

"Oi piggy I know you have a spare fruit juice, I ran out of water and I don't have enough on me to buy some more."

"Tubs"

"Chubby"

"Fatty"

You denied him the first time, demanding that he called you by your actual name. Telling him you deserved respect as much as he did. However you were laughed at, because apparently one slightly larger girl against a group of slim boys was really funny to them, and eventually it eroded at you. Even when you did defy, Ace's now fan club thought you were in the wrong, and unfortunately the pressure was getting to you, and you broke down.

You hated it, you hated this, you hated living your life.

You tried to tell the teacher, and they the addressed the problem to the class, but now you were even more alienated because you were known as a sissy, a tattletale, a fat sensitive lump that didn't know how to take criticism. You wished you could tell your parents, but they were once again pregnant with another child, and the way your mother was talking to you, it seemed useless and futile. One of the few good things that came out these horrible experiences, was your siblings. You were asked by your dad to help take care of the baby, and you enjoyed holding the cute baby that smiled up at you. When you weren't doing your school work, or your sports or cooking food for the family you played with the baby. In fact you enjoyed that someone gave you so much adoration, loved you and enjoyed you that you would do anything for your sibling.

You took them to the park just outside your house, you made sure they were always in your eyesight and never let them go.

"Hey who's this?" You heard the familiar gruff voice that often came in your head when you thought about something else other than what you were concentrating on.

"M-my new born sibling." You say simply, not wanting to say anything else. You just wanted him to leave, you felt the weird building pressure, it was becoming harder and harder to swallow and ignore.

"Oh that's nice."

"Yeah." The baby was laughing as it was playing around, not noticing the newcomer.

"Why are you so quiet?"

"Because I am." You held the baby on your lap, cleaning them up, smiling up at them, as they placed their hands on your face.

"You should smile more often. Your face looks a lot better when you smile." Ace grinned. You however were not amused, in fact you were pissed off. You felt some of that old rage, however you noticed your sibling was present and didn't want to disrupt them.

"Oh and what's wrong with my face?"

"What I'm just saying you look better when you smile. You always look sad, or angry, it doesn't make you look good. I mean you might as well look as good as you can, since you're you know— You." Ace poorly but clearly explained.

"What are you trying to say?" the pressure was building into a large, almost unswallowable thick lump in your throat. Your sibling was growing quiet, becoming sleepy resting their head on the crook of your neck.

"I see we always have this problem. I'm just trying to be nice to your lard ass, trying to compliment you, and also say you would look prettier if you smiled more, and lost weight of course." He suggested as if he was right. You managed to swallow the thick lump of pressure, glaring at him, you didn't know what to do, so you left him there.

You put your sibling down for a nap, your mother also napping and your father was at work. You could feel the voices, the millions of voices that had been haunting you, dogging you night after night. Second after second, you didn't have a second of silence and peace anymore. You barely heard your own heart-beat, your own thoughts because you had so many other voice whispering in your ears. It never left you, you wanted them to leave, and you thought ignoring them would make them go away, but instead it increased the pressure you felt. It started to intensify each day, you felt as if you were about to explode.

You couldn't tell any of your friends, because you didn't have any. And the people who alienated you, made you feel even more self-conscious so when you went to your sports activities you were more reserved, barely talking, starting to fade into the background. Your parents were busy, you had no one to turn to and you had no one else to speak to, to cry to. Who would listen to your problems, when you did cry out you were told to shut up, to deal with it. And when you didn't say anything you were told off. Berated, verbally assaulted for what?

For being you apparently.

Being you wasn't enough.

Apparently you. You were kind, helpful, a good wholesome person that had a lot to offer the world, but no one wanted it. Wasn't deemed good enough, and you swore you tried your hardest. They spoke to you as if you didn't try to make yourself thinner. You tried to eat less and do more exercise, but you found out that you couldn't, because you did so much that you needed the energy and you were stuck between a rock and a hard place.

You saw yourself in a big mirror. What any person would see was a cute, slightly chubby girl, or perhaps over developed, with (skin colour), (hair description) and (eye colour), like any other normal child.

However what you saw was something to be hated, to be destroyed, to be loathed.

"Tubby." "Fat." "Chubby." "Godzilla." "Monster." "Beefy." You couldn't bear to look at yourself anymore, so you ran into the kitchen, trying to calm yourself down. You figured maybe eating some fresh vegetables would calm you down, since eating did make you feel better. You took a carrot and half a cucumber and brought out a chopping board and knife. You washed them, trying to wash away the

whispers that entered your ears.

"Piggy."

You place the vegetables, on the board.

"Ohh watch out there goes the beast, you won't be able to walk past if she's there."

You slice the vegetables, the metal blade hitting the wooden board.

"Do you really need that bread? I mean look at you, you have enough on you. Fatty."

You see the slices of clear cucumber falling along the board. The pressure was making you tense up, it was building, pushing against you.

"Man look at her, the ground is shaking underneath me. Thunder thighs!"

You feel slice on your skin, a single drop coming to the surface. Red drop of healthy oxygenated blood coming to the surface. A moment of clarity, the voices stopped. For now. It didn't hurt because it was only a small cut, but it made the shame stop, it made everything stop. You just focused on the blood running through your veins.

You finished what you were doing and decided to not think about it again.

You walk into to school, to see your desk taken away.

"Where is my desk?"

"Come on Piggy it's just a silly joke. Take a joke, every now and then."

"Yeah come on tubby, you could use the exercise."

"Yeah don't be the sensitive lump that can't take criticism and jokes."

"Yeah I mean it'll help with your lard-ass." You heard Ace call from the other side of the classroom. You feel strangely immune, hot, and sweaty when you see your classmates turn on you like this. They're all cheering at his remark, you watch them clap his back as if he deserved to be praised, and the laughs slowly die down as they turn to you and watch you and your reaction. You don't know what to do.

So you turn around and walk.

"Look at the tubby ass, I assure you this is going to help you." You hear him comment as you walk down.

You walk back home, your mother went to the doctors, taking your sibling with her. Father at work as always, so you were home alone.

All alone.

Alone.

You barely remember getting the knife. The voices building.

You just about remember the feel of the metal lock of the door, as you lock the door. The voices getting louder, it's almost as if they're there with you.

All you remember is the pain. You can't tell between the pain and pleasure, it was a tricky line to walk and you were wobbling. You saw the quick beads of bright red, oxygenated blood, run into a stream, you breathe a heavy sigh of relief as you look at yourself in the mirror. You were still you, horrible, ugly, fat you. You were hoping that your reflection would change, you wouldn't be you.

However one thing came out of this.

The voices stopped and the pressure went down. You felt normal. You felt like you again, but you still looked like you. You stared at your legs, why were they so fat? Why were they so big? You looked at the mirror again, seeing you crying, why couldn't you be someone else?

They taunt you.

Picked on you.

Especially Ace. He seemed like the ring leader, the one to rally up. And who were you? Some useless piece of lump that was friendless, loveless and would never get anywhere.

You walked away from your classroom, planning to spend some peaceful time behind the school. You sat down, you looked at your forearm, multiple cuts and scabs decorating your arm, however you notice you're running out of space. You trail your fingers over your forearm, it was so addictive and so easy to solve your problem, and it was starting to worry you. However it did stop the voices that surrounded you, and the made the pressure stop building and push against you, that almost made you sick. You pull up your sleeve up to cover it, and let your feet be basked in the warm sunlight.

"Oi tubby."

Oh dear God. These break times were your sanctuary, your haven. You just sit there, closing your eyes hoping to God that he would make you invisible. Or lightning would come and hit you.

"Hey come on." You heard his footsteps, as you still wished, wished he wasn't there, wished you weren't here. You felt the air move near your arm, making you realise the reality of the situation. Both of you were still hear.

"Hey."

"â€|" You swallow, opening your eyes, keeping to your very nice wall.

"You alright?" You cough at the irony, and at Ace's sad attempt at

small talk.

"â€¦" You don't really know what to say, this was really unprecedented. What could you say?

"You know it would be easier if you talked." He told you brashly.

"What would be easier?"

"This."

"Why would I want this?" You were confused, why was he here? Why on earth would you want to talk to him?

"You don't like talking to me?"

"I don't like you full stop." You say, you grow angry, why the hell was he talking to you like this? Like you don't know any better.

"You know what? I don't know why I followed you out here." He stands up, towering over you.

"Why did you? I didn't ask for you to follow me." That stops him, as he seems to redeem himself, sitting down.

"You're right." You wait for him to apologise. "I don't know why I followed you here." Still waiting for an apology. "I guess I just saw you walking, and you never say anything. All you do is stare off somewhere and I wonder what you think about, I mean you don't talk like the other girls. They talk too much, it fills my ears." Wow how ironic.

"I wonder what that must feel like." You mutter under your breath, you were feeling tired and this wasn't very relaxing. He continues talking.

"You know I just want to talk to someone who would actually listen. And you seem like the type of person, who would actually let me talk." For some reason you pitied him, because for some godforsaken reason you had some empathy and some god damn sympathy for this sucker.

"Well talk." You encourage him.

"Did you know I'm Gol D Rodger's son?"

"Okay."

"Is that it?!"

"Well what do you want me to say?"

"Well I thought you would be a little more surprised."

"Just because you're the son of the most infamous mafia bosses doesn't say much." You offer blandly, not really caring, because you really didn't.

"You don't feel scared? Or worried?" He seemed so shocked at your lack of response.

"Ace there are other and bigger things to be worried about. Also it's time you learned that not everything is about you." You sigh out of annoyance and tiredness.

>"And also just because you're the son of a mafia boss doesn't mean you're a bad person."<p>

"I guess." He said rather weakly. "Thanks (Name)."

"â€|"

"Ace where are you?!" They heard a shrill call, you shut your eyes as he ran off in that direction.

You walk back to your classroom. You felt a little less pressure since talking to Ace, you felt bad for the guy, and even if he was lying it was still a stupid thing to lie about. Since the government these days was very harsh on criminal activity and even just a whisper of Gol D Rodger would encourage the wrath of government, so you weren't really doubting Ace's truthfulness.

"Oi fat cow move, I don't want your disgusting sweaty fat to touch me. " You turn around to see the popular group of fashionable girls and 'good-looking' guys, Ace and Sabo among them. You move over, trying to not let it affect you, but the pressure was building once again. You felt the overwhelming heatwave of shame build over you. You sit down at your desk, staring off into a daze trying to breathe through your pressure.

"I mean why are you even here?" They crowd around your desk, you have no idea why they were. What could have you possibly done to make them crowd around you?

"Yeah you're such an eyesore. A waste of space."

"I know, when I see you, I just get shivers because when I see you it's like looking at an image of what never want to be. A failure." You swallow, what could you possibly say? You felt weak, and you hated yourself for being weak, for not standing up for yourself.

"Hahah I bet your parents were disappointed when they had you." Ace said to put the cherry on the top. Laughing, the rest of them laughing like jackals, you just stare at the wall, as you heard the bell ring for class to start. You feel the cold feeling of regret in the pit of your stomach for empathising and pitying the damn bastard.

"Ace come on, be a little nicer." You hear Sabo cut in, also walking away.

The rest of the classes fly by, you barely notice. You feel the breath of whispers grazing the skin of your ear. The cuts and scabs on your forearms start to warm through your uniform, you can feel it burn and pulsate. It was as if they were calling for you to do it, begging you. You bite your lip, your breath a little uneven, as you try to not let it control you. As the bell rings for home time you grab your stuff and you sprint home in a record time.

Once again your parents were out with your sibling, so you had the house to yourself. You pull down your sleeves, the arm you already cut was scaring and scabbing over, but no space available and sore. So you switch hands, your weaker hand, the blade held a little shakily as you begin to slit, cut, scar your other forearm, you feel the sweet release of pain that gifts you silence and control. You look at yourself again, the familiar sight of you. How you wished you were someone else, just not you.

You wash off the blood, the knife, as you feel self-control and replace the knife back. You don't feel like doing your work, and you don't have the energy. Nowadays you've had a lot of time to do your work, so skipping one night wouldn't be the end of the world. You open the window wide, it was getting hot in your room since it was summer, and wanted some fresh air. You lay down on your comfortable bed, it was one of the few things that welcomed you with open loving arms.

You were going to nap, just for a little.

"(Name)! (Name)! (Name)! Wake up! Please wake up!" You hear a burry foggy voice. It seems like a dream, no one uses your name, it would be a lot more realistic if they called you by their 'friendly nicknames'. So you ignored it, what a silly dream.

"(Name) please wake up, I need you to wake up please!" Gosh this person was so persistent. Your eyelids flutter, you see a semi-familiar view of blonde hair. Oh this definitely was a dream, and you were tired, you just grunted, closing your eyes.

"(Name)! Its Sabo here, please don't ignore me and wake up!" Your sleepy brain recognises who this is. Why on earth would he be here? Why would anyone be in your room, because you couldn't imagine anyone wanting to come here.

You see his concerned face, brows furrowed, kneeling beside your bed. You grumble because it's a little cold, you look at your arms, to see your cuts on show.

What?

You always cover your arms, afraid anyone would ever find out.

You see Sabo looking over you, watching your every move, helping you sit up.

"Why are you here?" You try to play it cool, trying to sneakily cover your arms. However he sees your ploy quite easily and holds your arms forcefully and gently, making sure you couldn't cover your cuts.

"I think I'll ask the questions." He looks at them with grief, he looked so annoyed and so sad.

"It's not what you think." You didn't want to explain yourself to anyone. Someone like him wouldn't understand. No one like him could possibly understand.

"Well would you care to explain?" He looks at you eye to eye. He actually wants to hear you talk?

"Why the hell would you care? Why the hell would anyone care?" You try to tug your arms away, your anger flaring. However he still held it gently but firmly.

"I would be a monster if I ignored you when you clearly need help?" he argued, his expression still angry. You were a little taken aback at this. "Just because Ace is my brother, doesn't mean I treat people the same as he does." Reading a little bit of your mind.

"â€|"

"(Name) I promise. I won't tell anyone, especially Ace. I swear you can trust me."

"â€|. "

"Okay how about I say some statements and you can just nod or shake your head at them. Okay." You nod in agreement, looking down, not wanting to face him.

"Have you been cutting- Doing this for the past year?"

****Nod****

"Is it because of Ace?"

****Shrug****

"Is it because everyone is calling you fat?"

****Shrug****

"Do your parents know?"

****Shake****

"Do you hate yourself?"

****Nod****

"Do you not like yourself one bit?"

****Nod****

"Do you wish you weren't here?"

****Nod****

"Does this help you?"

****Nod****

"Do you wish you weren't yourself?"

****Nod****

"(Name) I'm so sorry!" You feel him grab you into a hug, making your face pushed into his chest. "I'm so sorry I didn't help you earlier.

I'm sorry I didn't notice, I'm sorry that you're going through this." You just breathe as you feel a little of the pressure be released as you just let the tears from your eyes fall and soak his shirt.

You don't remember much after, you just feel your chest become a little lighter. You just see on your desk some snacks, not needing to know who they were from. As you prepared for school, you pack the snacks, eating it slowly, start to feel a little less woozy as you walked to school. You sit down at your desk and open another snack.

"Really you need more food? Come share piggy." You hear the familiar gruff voice of Ace, and his outstretched hand. You look up at him, he grins down at you.

"*oink oink* come on piggy share, you already have enough." He re-illiterates, you break off a part of the bread and about to hand it to him.

"Come on Ace leave her alone." You see Sabo interfere, pushing Ace away from you. You blink in their direction, noticing Sabo's knowing smile as he watches you eat the snacks.

You still get berated, verbally told off about your appearance. However seeing Sabo smile at you, giving you a secret thumbs up, made it different, you weren't sure if this was good or bad. As time progressed to the end of the last year of middle school, you were still verbally assaulted, however Sabo was redirecting Ace a lot, so actually the amount of verbal assault was declining due to Ace not being able to bring attention to himself or yourself.

Although Sabo was helpful, making the bullying a little more bearable it didn't stop the addiction of cutting myself. It was one of the few times that I was in control, and I felt sane.

***Time skip to last year of high school***

So you made it to the last year of high school. Luckily for you high school was a much bigger pool of fish, meaning you were mixed with other students who didn't know who you were at all. You were able to be nothing, be no one special and blend in and peacefully be yourself. Since you were so quiet no one actually knew who you were, except Sabo and Ace who were always in your class. However you just took your normal seat, far at the back in the corner, not in anyone's view whatsoever. Sabo and Ace were surrounded once again by a flock of boys and girls, so nothing different in that section.

It had been two years since you cut yourself on purpose. After Sabo found out my secret he was actually nice enough to share my pain. He didn't judge you at all, surprisingly since you figured that the brother of Ace would be somewhat similar. It took at least a year to trust him and tell him everything, and you actually made one friend. One friend who was extremely patient, and wanted to help you. He understood where he overstepped his boundaries, which wasn't often and learnt his mistakes in order to not make the same ones.

He told you often, that you were enough. That being you was more than enough and being something other than yourself was ridiculous. He often came into your room, helping him with homework, chat with him, sharing snacks. It was nice. It was nice someone on your team, who

helped you build your self-esteem. You were extremely grateful that someone was kind enough to constantly help you build your confidence back up and give you lots of hugs when you felt like giving up. However now it was two years since you stole the knife and go up to the bathroom, and it felt pretty good. You still put make up on your arms to make sure no one could see, although other than Sabo who else would notice?

"(Name)? Do you know what you're gonna get me?"

"I don't know, a surprise." You pretended, you knew exactly what to get him. You wanted to make an extra special surprise for such a wonderful friend."

"Alright, well are you going to come to my birthday party?"

"I can't." You weakly answer, you felt bad that you couldn't celebrate with your only friend, however you couldn't quite push past your anxiety with people.

"It's cool. If you change your mind you're always free to swing by."

"Thanks." You smile as continue doing your work, smiling away as Sabo smiled at you smiling.

It was the night of Sabo's birthday, and you had overrun with your schedule. So you couldn't gift him your perfectly decorated birthday cake you made for him from scratch, face to face. So you decided to drop it off by his house, in case your siblings found the cake and decided to spontaneously eat it. You smile as you hold the heavy weight of the cake, you smiled as you remembered making it and decorating it for him. It was honestly the least you could do for him, since he gave you so much (well that's what you thought. He thought it was enough being friends with you.)

You made sure the address was correct and place the cake on the floor, putting the sealed card on top of the cake box.

"(Name)?" You didn't hear the door open, so you were caught off guard to hear the slightly chilling gruff voice. You just stay frozen in your position, hoping something would happen so you could make a getaway.

"(Name)?" If this was a game of musical statues would win.

"Earth to (Name)? Helloo?" you are pulled up from your position, face to face with Ace. Which frankly terrified you.

"H-hi" you greet quietly, your tongue frozen.

"What you up to?"

"Uhhm."

"Still not talking much eh?" He grins at you, as he looks down at what you had just dropped off. He picked it up, weighing it by his hands.

"Come on in." he invited you in. You just stood there far far

away.

"I can't." Your legs were a little frozen. Well you know what your fight or flight response was.

"Why?" He looked at you quizzically. "Do you have somewhere else to be?"

"No." You dumbly answer truthfully.

"Come on stop being weird, we can talk." You seemed alarmed at that, but you oddly obeyed. You took off your shoes and shyly followed him into the living room and kitchen area. He placed the cake in the fridge and poured himself a drink as you just stare at your feet.

"So how come you couldn't make it to Sabo's birthday party?"

"Uhm siblings. My parents went out. They just came back so I didn't think it was worth it to come when the party was far away."

"Oh fair enough." You just stare at your feet, hoping to God he would just forget you were there.

"I didn't go because I didn't want to. We hang out with a lot of the same people, and it would be boring anyways." He answered, filling the awkward silence.

"Oh I'm sorry to hear that." You say quietly.

"Nah it's not that big of a deal. Sabo's my brother, decided to gift him with freedom. From me. For a night." He joked, which made you laugh a little. You smiled a little, not knowing that Ace was watching you smile, which made him feel a little warmer than usual.

"Come on, let's play some games. I bet you can't beat me." He teased, as he handed you a game control as he set up the game. Unknown to Ace, you spent a bit of time gaming as you wanted something to distract you when you weren't playing sports. So after a few rounds it wasn't much of a surprise that you won every time, completely whopping Ace's ass, who just stared at you.

"W-where?"

"I had some free time."

"Next round, I'll beat you for sure." Was his mantra for the ten rounds, it was pretty fun.

"Oh so you can't make it to my birthday party and hang out with my brother. That stings you know (Name)." You heard Sabo's teasing statement who walked into the space, who smiled gently at you, happy that you were slowly starting to socialise. You instantly discard the game console and go to the fridge to hand him the cake, placing it in his hands. Wishing him happy birthday, blushing profusely as he opened it and awwed and ahhed the cake, hugging you tightly. Ace also came to look at the cake, extremely surprised that you gave Sabo such a beautiful cake. Even more surprised that you made it from scratch, however you didn't notice because you were being squished and hugged to death by Sabo. Ace as well was watching you two interact.

As you on your path to self-confidence, you realised that your addiction hadn't gotten to the worst extents, but you still felt the need to feel something that you were in control of. Some late night spending on the internet you stumbled onto a page of piercings. You only had the standard lobe piercings, and you decided to not go crazy and go for seconds. You took care of them very well and decided to go for thirds. You liked piercings more because they were prettier and they diverted your concentration from the temptations from self-harm. Then you decided to go for a bit more hard core, helix piercings. Which wasn't the worst pain, it more than your lobe piercings, but it wasn't the worst pain you experienced. However since you got multiple cartilage piercings, you were bound to have a bad one. One time the piercer caught a capillary in your ear and you squawked like a bird at that piercing, and you swore that was your last one for a long time.

Which was also a lie, because after your body got used to piercings you went to get your nipples pierced and that was when you decided no more piercings, because nipple piercings were definitely way more painful. But they looked sexy as well, and you looked down at your breasts constantly in awe. It made you smile a lot more, because it was your sexy little secret, as you felt a lot better about your body. You hadn't even told Sabo about it, and hadn't plan to tell anyone.

On your path to self-confidence, your grades were on track for you to go to university. In fact you were ahead of the curve, steadily preparing yourself.

"(Name)!"

"Hai sensei" you bow respectfully as the teacher turns to you.

"Since (subject) is your speciality I would like you to help one of your classmates."

"Oh.. Okay."

"Great, they're already waiting for you." Pushing you to the door, and walking off. Your expression is a little puzzled, teachers are weird. You open the door, to see the messy mop of longish black hair.

No.

Oh God no.

No.

"(Name)?" You see the face of Ace turn to you. Fuck.

"I uh. Sensei said I should help a student."

"Cool! Let's get going then!" He seemed enthusiastic, that was a good sign. The tutoring went on for a while, slowly helping him get the hang of it. He seemed to really enjoy your lessons, because you were very patient and made sure he understood the content perfectly, causing him to improve his results. As he was finishing a test you

set him, you thinking of some tattoo ideas and you drew on your hands, like a henna tattoo, lots of spirals and flowers with intricate small lines. Then you looked at Ace, who was thinking about his answer, so you slowly started to draw down to where the scars of my past were visible. You had been contemplating about covering my cut scars with these sorts of tattoos and be incredibly intricate, like a sleeve tattoo.

"What are you drawing?"

"Nothing!" You pull up your sleeve and stow away your arm as quickly as possible, but not quick enough.

"Come on let's see." He held your arm with the uniform sleeve covering your arm. He smiled as he saw your intricate hand tattoo, following the lines with his eyes, you tried to pull it away, however he held it still.

"I only drew on my hand." However he saw the lines extend down your hand onto your forearm, which you just had to draw on. He flipped your arm over to follow the ink see your scars.

"â€|(Name)" You try to wrestle your arm out of his grip. God damnit, high school boys seemed to be made of stronger stuff.

"I don't need to explain anything to you." You were right, you didn't. He had no right to know anything.

"How long?" You felt compelled to answer.

"I've stopped for two years." He faced you, his expression fiery pissed.

"When did you start?" He asked gruffly, not letting go of your hand at all.

"Middle school. Final year." You state clearly, as he looked down at your arm again, trying to think of what happened then. His eyes widening in shock, his grasp got tighter.

"Was this because of me?" You just stare at him, trying to form a truthful answer other than yes.

"It was the things you said."

"Why?"

"It made things a lot easier to deal with. A lot of things were said to me, constantly and it turned into voices in my head. And this" You gesture to your scars. "Made them stop. It was a pain I could control, and it was quick fix to my problems." His expression turned to annoyed and hurt.

"Fuck." He cursed, holding your arm gently. "Fuck I'm so sorry (Name)!" It took you off guard that he apologised so suddenly. Since you've known Ace, this was the first time he had apologised to you. So your expression came off as blank/shocked, which made Ace feel even worse, thinking that his apologies were useless.

"I never meant for you to be hurt like this. I'm a dumb kid who

doesn't know why he says half the shit that he does." That made your face scrunch a little, you were learning that the mean remarks he said about you were just stupid sayings? He thought it was a joke?

"No I'm sorry." Seeing your hurt expression clearly, he was flustered, he didn't know what to do. "I didn't mean it like that. I meant that I meant it. No I mean.-"

"You mean you're a dumbass." They both heard the familiar voice of Sabo, who came in watching both of you carefully. He undid Ace's gasp on your arm, and looked at me questioning if you were okay. You gave him a shy look that told him you were a little stunned but no harm done.

"What the hell Sabo?" Ace growled a little.

"I told you to be nice to her ever since we were kids, but you had to do the opposite and cause her this. It's (Name)-Chan's own decision to tell you what you and other people have put her through, but I will tell you, it's worse than what you may ever think." Sabo warned Ace, who looked a little shocked at his words, and looked at you, who was embarrassed and ashamed at the same time that confirmed his fears.

"I'm really sorry (Name)-chan, I never really meant to hurt you like that. I was a stupid kid, and-"

"It's too late to apologise now. The damage is done."

* * *

><p>This one was a bit sombre. I just wanted to try it out, because I do. However I do have a few more light hearted, witty ones coming out. I just wanted to write Ace as a complete douche and Sabo as the good guy. Heheheheh. _**

_I really hope I didn't offend anyone at all. _

If you feel trapped, it's always best to talk to someone that you can trust. I may not have experienced self harm, but I have been in very tough situations where the pressure and stress build in my body, where it has messed with my body functions. I have found that talking with a good friend to help sort out your problems really does help.

Until next time.

Chang

x

End
file.